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THE ATLANTIC WALL



ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

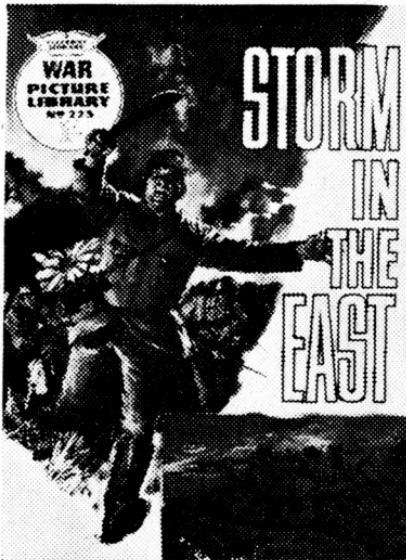
WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 221—H-HOUR

No. 223—STORM IN THE EAST



The panzers stood waiting to spring the steel jaws of the trap they had laid for the advancing British . . .



The Japanese hordes descended on Singapore, and he found himself caught in the web of the strange cult he had vowed to smash . . .

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 222—ROAD TO BERLIN

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 6th January, are :—

No. 224—ADVANCE

No. 225—SURPRISE AND KILL

No. 226—ROUGH PASSAGE

No. 227—DEVIL'S ISLAND

THE ATLANTIC WALL

SOME MEN ARE BORN FIGHTERS,
SOME ARE JUST GOOD SOLDIERS.
BUT UNDER THE COMMAND OF
A MAN LIKE BRIGADIER J. M. B.
OLIPHANT - *BIG JUMBO AS* -
THEY CALLED HIM - ALL MEN
GAINED A NEW STATURE THAT
TURNED THEM INTO HEROES.



Chapter 1. Beachhead Inferno

IT WAS QUIET, DEAD QUIET, BUT BOUND FOR A BEACH CODE-NAMED "BARBICAN", THE FIRST WAVE OF THE 203 RD. BRIGADE KNEW THE STORM OF BATTLE MUST SOON BREAK.

REMEMBER, YOU CHAPS,
KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN
TILL WE HIT THE SHORE.
THEN GO LIKE THE DEVIL
FOR THE DUNES.



THE BRIGADIER DUMPED HIS STEEL HELMET WITH A CLANG, AND HAULED A BATTERED CAP FROM UNDER THE UNORTHODOX SWEATER HE WAS WEARING...

OLD 'BLOOD AND THUNDER'S' PUTTIN' ON HIS GO-TO-HELL HAT. IT WAS WITH HIM THROUGH DUNKIRK, CRETE, NORTH AFRICA, SICILY AND SALERNO. YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM WITHOUT IT WHEN THE FUR BEGINS TO FLY!



The Atlantic Wall

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FAR OUT TO SEA, 'WARSHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY STRUCK UP A THUNDEROUS OVERTURE — AND SALVOES OF SHELLS FLUTTERED OVERHEAD TO HAMMER DOWN ON ENEMY DEFENCES..

IT IS THE INVASION! TO YOUR POSTS, MENSCHEN! WE'LL TURN THIS BEACH INTO A SLAUGHTER-YARD IF THE ENGLANDERS AND THEIR ALLIES EVER SET FOOT ON IT!



CONCRETE BASTIONS IN THE NAZIS' SYSTEM OF FORTIFICATIONS WERE SPLIT ASUNDER, BUT THE GERMANS STILL HAD GUNS LEFT TO FIGHT BACK WITH...

KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, THE BRIG SAID, BUT LOOK AT 'IM! STANDIN' THERE AS IF HE DIDN'T GIVE TWO HOOTS FOR HIS OWN BLOOMIN' BONCE!



The Atlantic Wall

GERMAN ARTILLERY BELTED OUT FLAME AND STEEL AND TURNED THE OFFSHORE WATERS INTO A DEVIL'S BREW OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, SIR,
WON'T YOU GET DOWN WITH
THE REST OF YOUR PARTY?
YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY,
YOU KNOW!

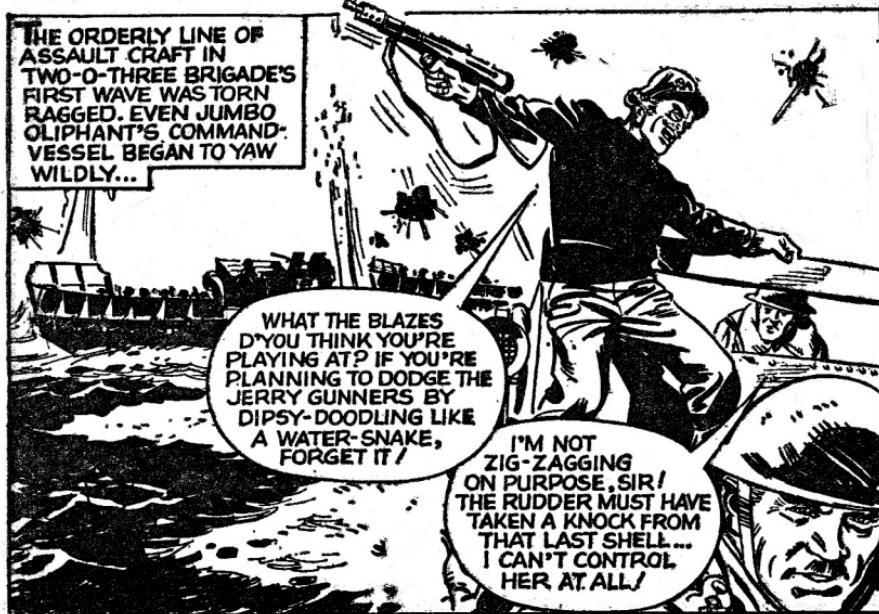
YOUR RESPONSIBILITY'S
THIS LUMBERING WASH-TUB,
SAILOR. KEEP YOUR MIND
ON YOUR JOB, AND STOP
WORRYING ABOUT ME!



THE ORDERLY LINE OF
ASSAULT CRAFT IN
TWO-O-THREE BRIGADE'S
FIRST WAVE WAS TORN
RAGGED. EVEN JUMBO
OLIPHANT'S COMMAND-
VESSEL BEGAN TO YAW
WILDLY...

D'YOU THINK YOU'RE
PLAYING AT? IF YOU'RE
PLANNING TO DODGE THE
JERRY GUNNERS BY
DIPSY-DODDING LIKE
A WATER-SNAKE,
FORGET IT!

I'M NOT
ZIG-ZAGGING
ON PURPOSE, SIR!
THE RUDDER MUST HAVE
TAKEN A KNOCK FROM
THAT LAST SHELL...
I CAN'T CONTROL
HER AT ALL!



The Atlantic Wall

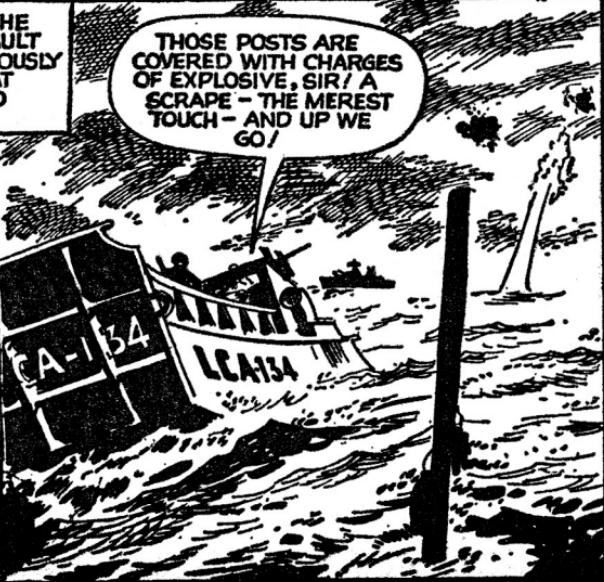
A PLAYTHING OF VAGRANT CURRENTS, LCA 134 STRAGGLED OFF-COURSE. THE BRIGADIER'S VOICE ROARED ABOVE THE BEDLAM OF THE BARRAGE...

GET ME BACK INTO THE MAINSTREAM OF THE BATTLE! WHAT GOOD'S A BRIGADIER WITHOUT HIS BRIGADE? DO SOMETHING, CURSE YOU!

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, SIR! NOT UNTIL WE GET INTO SHALLOW WATER!

IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, THE LANDING-CRAFT-ASSAULT WAS PLOUGHING PERILOUSLY THROUGH AN AREA THAT BRISTLED WITH MINED BOOBY TRAPS...

THOSE POSTS ARE COVERED WITH CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVE, SIR! A SCRAPE - THE MEREST TOUCH - AND UP WE GO!



The Atlantic Wall

BY SHEER LUCK THE BARGE ESCAPED DISASTER AND CRUNCHED FIRMLY INTO THE SAND. THE RAMP BEGAN TO DROP AND THE BRIGADIER MOVED FORWARD.



SLACK-JAWED, THE CREW OF A 50-MILLIMETRE GUN GAPED IN DISBELIEF AS THEY SAW A LONG-STRIDING FIGURE WITH A COUPLE OF WOLFHOUNDS STORM ASHORE.



THE BRIGADIER WAS CLEAR OF THE RAMP WHEN
THE GUN IN THE DUNES FIRED...

GOOD GRIEF!
THEY'VE DROPPED
THE BRIGADIER!



LOOKING DOWN AT THE STILL FORM,
THE YOUNG SUBALTERN WAS
GRIPPED BY INDECISION...

DON'T JUST STAND
THERE, MARSHALL!
TAKE YOUR BLOKES UP
THE BEACH! I'LL
LOOK AFTER OLD
BLOOD AND THUNDER.



The Atlantic Wall

YOUNG SECOND-LIEUTENANT MARSHALL WAS IN CHARGE OF BRIGADE H.Q.'S DEFENCE PLATOON. HE RECOVERED HIMSELF QUICKLY AND BECAME RIGOROUSLY "REGIMENTAL".



The Atlantic Wall

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AT THAT INSTANT, ANOTHER 50-MILLIMETRE SHELL SCREAMED INTO THE WATER'S EDGE...



A THIRD SHELL EXPLODED AS LANCE-CORPORAL SUMNER, THE BRIGADIER'S BATMAN, WAS STUMBLING DOWN THE RAMP. HE HAD STOPPED TO GATHER UP THE BRIG'S HAVERSACK AND HELMET...



The Atlantic Wall

MEANTIME, MARSHALL AND THE MEN OF THE DEFENCE PLATOON WERE NEARING THE EDGE OF THE LINE OF SAND DUNES. AN EYE-SEARING BLAST COINCIDED WITH THEIR ARRIVAL THERE.

GET DOWN, MEN!
BREN GUNNERS AND
RIFLEMEN, AWAIT MY
FIRE-ORDER!



NUMBERS ONE, TWO AND THREE
SECTIONS... SIGHTS DOWN... AT
ENEMY ARTILLERY-POSITION TO
YOUR FRONT, THREE
ROUNDS RAPID-FIRE!



GUSTS OF LEAD RAKED THE LIP OF
THE HOLLOW WHERE THE NAZI GUN
WAS SITED, BUT FAILED TO
SILENCE THE WEAPON.

FOR ALL WE KNOW, ENEMY TROOPS
MAY BE DUG-IN TO RIGHT AND LEFT.
WE'LL STAY PUT TILL
I CAN SIZE UP THE
SITUATION AND FORM
A PLAN!



The Atlantic Wall

13

THE LINE HELD FAST, WAITING FOR MARSHALL TO WRACK HIS BRAINS.
THEN CAME AN EXCITED SHOUT...



IT WAS THE BRIGADIER, SURE ENOUGH... WORKING A FLANKER THAT ENDED
IN A BERSERK, BELLOWING RUSH ...



The Atlantic Wall

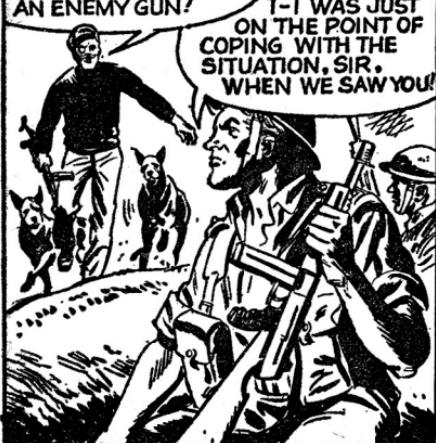


THE BRIGADIER SMARTLY ABOUT TURNED AND BORE DOWN MENACINGLY ON THE QUAKING SUBALTERN.

KNOCKED FLAT BY A SHELL-BLAST - HALF-BURIED - LEFT LYING - DUG UP BY ME DOGS LIKE A CAST-OFF BONE, I WAS! THEN I HAVE TO DEAL SINGLE HANDED WITH AN ENEMY GUN!

I - I WAS JUST ON THE POINT OF COPING WITH THE SITUATION, SIR. WHEN WE SAW YOU!

YOUNG MAN, IN BATTLE YOU'VE GOT TO THINK FAST - AND ACT FAST! IF YOU CAN'T LEARN TO DO BOTH, THEN YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A LEADER!



THE BRIGADIER'S ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED BY A SHOUT FROM THE NAVAL SUB-LIEUTENANT...

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE,
AND I PROVE I'M A
BLESS'D FAILURE—IN
FULL VIEW OF THE BRIG,
TOO! FROM NOW ON, HE'LL
NEVER HAVE ANY
CONFIDENCE IN ME!



WHAT IS IT, MISTER LAWFORD?

BANCHARD AND I HAVE MANAGED TO REPAIR THE STEERING-GEAR, SIR. WE CAN REVERSE FROM HERE AND TAKE YOU TO BARBICAN BEACH!



THE BRIGADIER GRUNTED HIS SATISFACTION. BEFORE LONG, LCA 134 WAS HEADING AT FULL SPEED FOR ITS APPOINTED BEACHHEAD...

GET ME TO BARBICAN INSIDE FIVE MINUTES, LAWFORD, AND I'LL SEE YOU GET PROMOTED TO LIEUTENANT!



The Atlantic Wall

BUT THERE WAS TO BE NO PROMOTION FOR LAWFORD AS LCA 134 RAN PARALLEL WITH THE COAST, AN ISOLATED SPANDAU LASHED OUT FROM A SPITOP LAND.



THE UNLUCKY SUB-LIEUTENANT CRUMPLED LIFELESSLY, AS DID HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, BANCHARD.

DOES ANYONE DOWN THERE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS TUB?



I'LL HAVE A CRACK AT IT, SIR. I MESSED AROUND WITH BOATS QUITE A BIT BEFORE THE WAR!

OLIPHANT'S GLANCE FASTENED BRIEFLY ON ONE OF THE REMAINING OFFICERS OF HIS BRIGADE HQ—CAPTAIN MOORE BY NAME, SECNDDED FROM THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

ALL RIGHT, MOORE—UP HERE, QUICK AS YOU CAN! MARSHALL I WANT YOU TO COME AS WELL. MAKE IT SNAPPY!



CORPORAL, TAKE OVER THE OERLIKON.
YOU AND THE CHAPS WITH THE BRENS
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT THAT
SPANDAU. MISTER MARSHALL,
OPERATE AS HELMSMAN ON
CAPTAIN MOORE'S
INSTRUCTIONS!

THIS ARM
OF MINE ISN'T
THAT BAD, SIR.
I'LL MANAGE
THE WHEEL!



THE BRIGADIER SILENCED MOORE
WITH A GOLD-RIMMED GLARE.

GOOD THING TO GIVE
THAT SECOND-LIEUTENANT
SOMETHING TO DO - MAKE
HIM FEEL USEFUL. IT'LL
HELP RESTORE HIS
FAITH IN HIMSELF!



The Atlantic Wall



BEFORE THE CRAFT HAD STOPPED, THE RAMP WAS DOWN AND BRIGADIER OLIPHANT'S MEN RAN HELL-FOR-LEATHER UP THE BEACH...



THE BRIGADIER MOVED FORWARD OVER A CRATERED FORESHORE, AND THROUGH A FOG OF CORDITE. THE FIRST LIVING MAN HE SAW WAS A BATTALION COMMANDER...



The Atlantic Wall

IT WAS A GRIM PICTURE OF DESPERATE LOSSES IN MEN, EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES. THE DOMINATING FEATURE OF IT ALL WAS THE PULVERISING BOMBARDMENT.

...THE NAVY GUNNERS CAN'T TOUCH THE JERRY ARTILLERY THAT'S PINNING US DOWN, SIR, AND THE R.A.F. BOYS ARE TIED UP ALONG THE COAST. WE'VE BEEN STOPPED COLD AND THE SAME GOES FOR ALL THE OTHER BATTALIONS ON THIS BEACH!



OLIPHANT STUCK OUT HIS JAW BELLIGERENTLY...

LOMAX, MY BRIGADE'S THE BEST IN THE BRITISH ARMY. I'LL STAND OR FALL BY THAT. I PESTERED THE TOP BRASS TO GIVE ME BARBICAN, THE TOUGHEST NUT OF ALL—AND BY THUNDER, WE'RE GOING TO CRACK IT!

HOW, SIR? THAT'S THE QUESTION!



HOW, INDEED—WHEN THEY WERE HELD FAST BY THE BLUDGEON-BLOWS OF BIG-CALIBRE HOWITZERS, CUNNINGLY SITED MILES INLAND.

HERR HAUPTMANN, THERE HAS BEEN NO FURTHER ATTEMPT BY THE BRITISH TO ADVANCE FROM THE TARGET AREA. LEUTNANT HEFFNER SUGGESTS A DECREASE IN THE RATE OF FIRE!



VERY WELL,
REDUCE TO
HARASSING-
FIRE!

Chapter 2. The Brave Batman

IN THE DUST AND CONFUSION OF BARBICAN THERE WAS ONE MAN, TIM BUDDEN BY NAME, WHO WISHED HE WAS BACK IN THE COMFORT OF HIS MA'S LIVING ROOM IN STEPNEY.



A FOGHORN VOICE BOOMED AT
TIM BUDDEN. HE JUMPED LIKE
A PLUCKED FIDDLE-STRING...



BEFORE BUDDEN COULD SAY ANYTHING,
JUMBO OLIPHANT WENT ON...

SO'S MY BATMAN, BUDDEN.
YOU CAN TAKE HIS PLACE. THE
FIRST THING I WANT YOU TO
DO IS TO GET SOME FOOD
FOR MY WOLFHOUNDS.
THEY MUST BE FAMISHED.

THE BRIGADIER'S
BATMAN / ME?

NEXT MOMENT, THE TWO
GREAT WOLFHOUNDS SPRANG
AT TIM, BAYING A WELCOME.

OOER/
NO-NO.../

HE FELL FLAT ON HIS BACK, SCARED THAT THE HUNGRY WOLFHOUNDS WERE ABOUT TO MAKE A MEAL OF HIM. BUT THEY ONLY LICKED HIS FACE ENTHUSIASTICALLY...

WELL, I'LL BE DASHED!
THEY'VE TAKEN TO YOU,
LAD! NEVER SEEN 'EM
MAKE A FUSS OF
ANYBODY BEFORE,
EXCEPT ME.



THE BRIGADIER CALLED THEM OFF - REPEATED HIS ORDER TO FETCH FOOD FOR THEM - AND TURNED TO LOMAX. TIM PIPED UP, HESITANTLY...

SIR, WHERE'LL
I FIND GRUB?

HOW THE DEVIL
SHOULD I KNOW
WHERE THE FOOD
IS? USE YOUR
COMMON SENSE,
LAD!



The Atlantic Wall

TIM COULD HAVE TOLD JUMBO
NONE OF THE BRIGADE'S RATIONS
HAD EVER REACHED SHORE, BUT HE
KEPT QUIET...

I DAREN'T INTERRUPT
THE BRIGADIER AGAIN.
HE'D JUMP DOWN MY
BLINKING THROAT.



THEN AN IDEA OCCURRED TO THE
SAWN-OFF SOLDIER-SERVANT,
THOUGH IT TOOK A WHILE TO SCREW
UP HIS COURAGE TO PUT IT INTO
PRACTICE...

BETTER TAKE
THIS STEN
WITH ME -
MIGHT BE
HANDIER THAN
MY LEE-ENFIELD.



HE MOVED OFF THROUGH THE BATTLE HAZE,
NOT RELISHING THE PROSPECT AHEAD OF
HIM AT ALL...

WHERE THE
HECK ARE YOU
BOUND FOR,
TINY?

A DESERTED VILLAGE.
I WAS IN IT BEFORE THE
JERRIES PITCHED INTO
US WITH THEIR BARRAGE
AND DROVE US BACK TO
THE BEACH. I'VE GOT TO
GET SOME GRUB FOR
THE BRIG'S DOGS!



THE HARASSING FIRE OF THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY WAS STILL POUNDING DOWN AND FIXED LINES OF ENEMY SPANDAU SCOURSED THE DUNES.

I WISH I WAS
A BLOOMIN' HERO—
BUT I AIN'T, AND THAT'S
A FACT! I'M S-SCARED
STIFF!



BUT TIM WAS EVEN MORE SCARED OF FAILING BLOOD AND THUNDER. BEING BATMAN TO A SUBALTERN HAD BEEN ORDEAL ENOUGH — BUT BATMAN TO A BRIGADIER!

COR, JUS' MY LUCK/
THE HAMLET'S BEEN
CLOBBERED, IT'S
BLAZIN' LIKE A
BLOOMIN' BONFIRE/
NO GRUB THERE!



The Atlantic Wall

THEN TIM THOUGHT OF VILLEBRUN,
THE BRIGADE'S MAIN OBJECTIVE...

THIS MUST BE THE
ROAD TO VILLEBRUN,
OR WHATEVER THE
FROGS CALL IT. THERE'S
BOUND TO BE A SHOP
OR TWO THERE. IF
I USE THIS DITCH,
I'LL NEVER BE
SPOTTED!



HE SQUEEZED HIMSELF INTO THE
DITCH AND WORKED HIS WAY
ALONG IT. HE HAD GONE A
HUNDRED YARDS OR SO WHEN HE
RAISED HIS HEAD — AND YELPED
WITH TERROR!



HIS EYES TRAVELED UP FROM THE
HOBNAILED JACKBOOTS TO BLUE-
JOWLED FACES, THE FACES OF
TWO MASSIVE NAZIS WHO WERE
GRINNING DOWN AT HIM
MALIGNANTLY...



AN ELECTRIFYING IMPULSE SEEMED TO JOLT THROUGH TIM'S BRAIN. IT GALVANISED HIM INTO FRANTIC ACTION JUST AS THE GERMANS' FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THEIR RIFLE TRIGGERS.

STONE THE CROWS! THAT WAS CLOSE!



THE STEN GUN CUT THE NAZIS DOWN, TOPPLING THEM OVER TO LAND ON TOP OF THE PALPITATING BATMAN...



The Atlantic Wall

HE MANAGED TO WRIGGLE FROM UNDER THEM, HOWEVER, AND SCRAMBLED ALONG THE DITCH WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING ANY MORE ENEMY SOLDIERS...



BOUCHERIE - THAT
MUST BE FRENCH FOR
BUTCHER'S SHOP. THERE
DON'T SEEM TO BE
ANY JERRIES ABOUT,
SO HERE WE GO!

HE FOUND THE SHOP UNATTENDED AND WAS OBLIGED TO HELP HIMSELF. SCURRYING OUT WITH A JOINT OF MEAT, HE RAN SLAP INTO A GERMAN WHO WAS HIS COUNTERPART IN SIZE.



HIMMEL! THE
TOWN HAS FALLEN!
THE BRITISH HAVE
BROKEN THROUGH!

THE LITTLE GERMAN THREW DOWN HIS SCHMEISSER, STUCK UP HIS HANDS AND YELLED FOR MERCY...



TIM PUSHED THE MAN ASIDE AND BOLTED FOR IT, LEAVING THE NAZI GAWKING.



The Atlantic Wall

THE BATMAN SKIPPED ROUND A BEND IN THE ROAD. OUT OF SIGHT OF VILLEBREIN, HE TOOK TO THE DITCH AGAIN. NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, HE HEARD VOICES ...



TIM RESUMED HIS RETURN JOURNEY. SUDDENLY, CLOSE AT HAND, A MACHINE GUN YAMMERED...



NO SOONER HAD HE CRAWLED PAST, THAN A FLOCK OF SHELLS ROARED DOWN WITH THE NOISE OF AN EXPRESS-TRAIN. VIOLENT CONCUSSIONS JARRED THE GROUND...



The Atlantic Wall

ONCOMING BRITISH TROOPS WERE CAUGHT IN A PROLONGED AND DEVASTATING INFERNO - ONE THAT THREATENED UTTER ANNIHILATION.



AS THE MEN OF THE BRIGADE RETREATED TO THE BEACH, A RATHER DISHEVELLED TIM BUDDEN LOCATED THE BRIGADIER...



BRIGADIER OLIPHANT CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE APPROACHING BATMAN AND THE JOINT OF MEAT...



THE BRIGADIER COULD SCARCELY
BELIEVE HIS EARS...

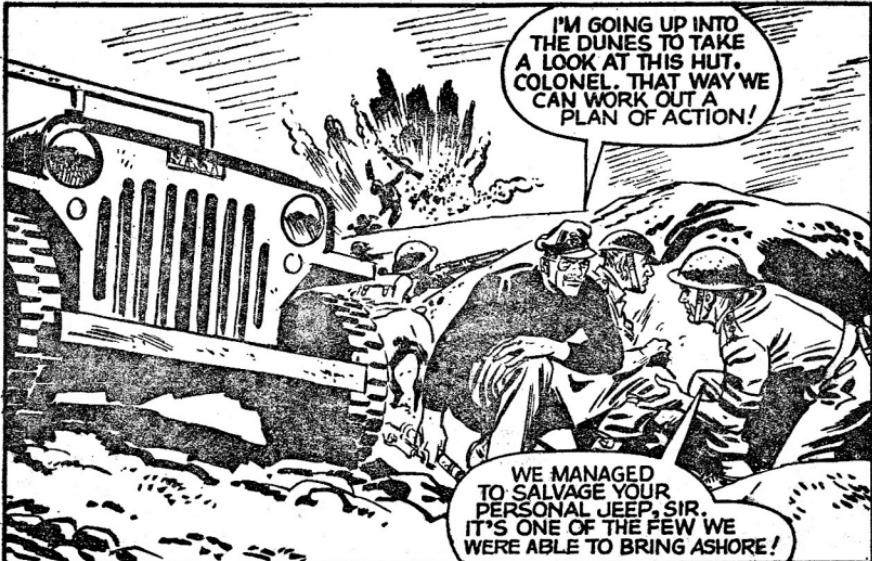


QUESTIONED, TIM WENT INTO DETAILS.
HE MENTIONED THE STONE HUT BY
THE VILLEBRUN ROAD - NOT THAT HE
THOUGHT IT IMPORTANT, BUT THE
BRIGADIER DID !

BUDDEN, YOU
DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE A
MARVEL ! IT'S PLAIN THE JERRY
YOU SAW WITH THE FIELD GLASSES
WAS AN ARTILLERY F.O.O. - A
FORWARD-OBSERVATION
OFFICER !



The Atlantic Wall



THE BRIGADIER LEAPTED INTO THE DRIVING SEAT AND THUMBED THE STARTER — WITHOUT RESULT...



AMID THE VOLLEY OF CURSES FROM JUMBO AND THE FURY OF THE ENEMY BOMBARDMENT, A LONE CORPORAL STEPPED UP AND SPOKE TO LOMAX IN A HUSHED VOICE...

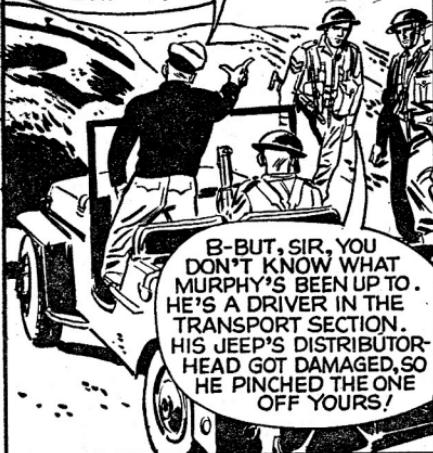
SIR, COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU? IT'S ABOUT PRIVATE MURPHY. I'VE JUST PUT HIM ON A CHARGE!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, CORPORAL FERRIS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT TROUBLE-MAKER MURPHY'S BEEN UP TO, BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO BOTHER ME WITH...



COLONEL LOMAX WAS CUT SHORT - BY AN INFURIATED OUTBURST FROM THE BRIGADIER...

DID YOU SAY YOU'D PUT A MAN ON A CHARGE, CORPORAL? IS THAT ALL YOU CAN FIND TO DO IN THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLE?



B-BUT, SIR, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT MURPHY'S BEEN UP TO. HE'S A DRIVER IN THE TRANSPORT SECTION. HIS JEEP'S DISTRIBUTOR-HEAD GOT DAMAGED, SO HE PINCHED THE ONE OFF YOURS!

FOR A FEW SECONDS, JUMBO OLIPHANT STARED AT CORPORAL FERRIS. FINALLY HE BIT OUT AN ORDER...

BRING THAT FELLOW MURPHY HERE!

YES, SIR. RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

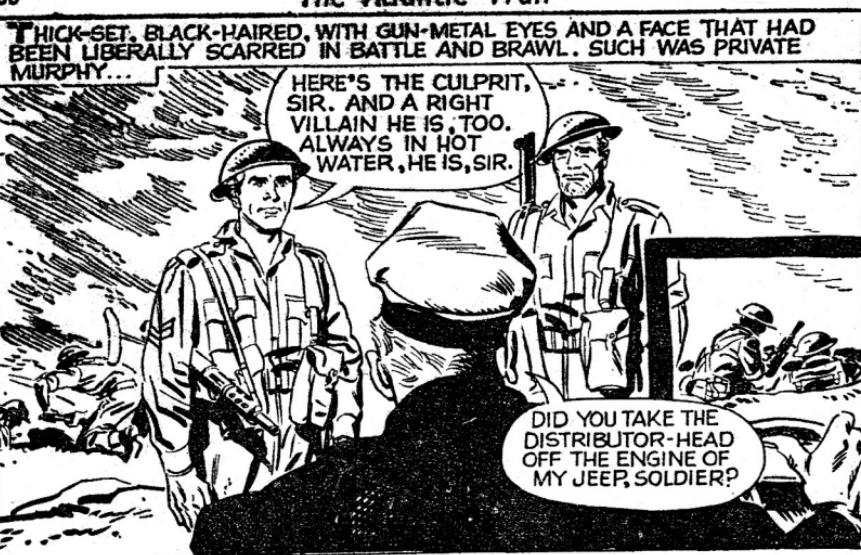


The Atlantic Wall

THICK-SET, BLACK-HAIRED, WITH GUN-METAL EYES AND A FACE THAT HAD BEEN LIBERALLY SCARRED IN BATTLE AND BRAWL. SUCH WAS PRIVATE MURPHY...

HERE'S THE CULPRIT, SIR. AND A RIGHT VILLAIN HE IS, TOO. ALWAYS IN HOT WATER, HE IS, SIR.

DID YOU TAKE THE DISTRIBUTOR-HEAD OFF THE ENGINE OF MY JEEP, SOLDIER?



PRIVATE MURPHY ACKNOWLEDGED HIS OFFENCE IN A GRAVELY VOICE. THERE WAS NO TRACE OF APOLOGY IN IT...

YES, SIR. I TOOK IT. NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D NEED IT WHEN YOUR L.C.A. WENT ADRIFF!

HE'S SWIPED BITS AND PIECES OFF OTHER TRANSPORT, SIR. HIS JEEP IS THE ONLY RUNNER ON THE WHOLE BEACH.



THE SMUG CORPORAL FERRIS WAITED FOR BRIGADIER OLIPHANT TO EXPLODE IN ANGER — BUT WAITED IN VAIN...

WELL DONE, MURPHY! YOU'VE SHOWN GREAT INITIATIVE. C'MON THEN, MAN, GET YOUR JEEP!



LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER, MURPHY WAS DRIVING THE BRIGADE COMMANDER AND TIM BUDDEN UP THE SHELL-BLASTED BEACH.

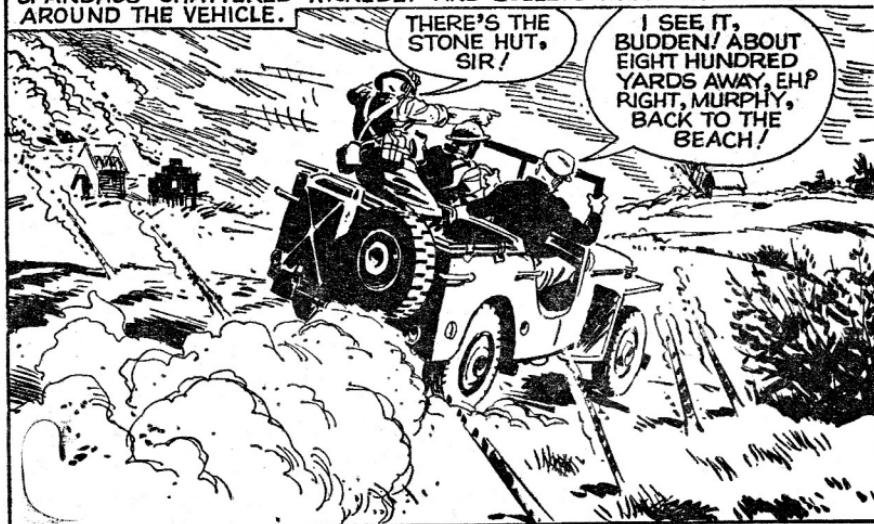
THAT'S IT, M'LAD.
FOOT HARD DOWN TILL
WE'RE THROUGH THE
SMOKE AND CAN GET
A CLEAR VIEW!



THE JEEP BOUNCED OVER THE DUNES AND BURST OUT OF THE BATTLE FOG. SPANDAU CHATTERED WICKEDLY AND BULLETS WHIP-CRACKED ALL AROUND THE VEHICLE.

THERE'S THE STONE HUT,
SIR!

I SEE IT,
BUDDEN! ABOUT
EIGHT HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY, EH?
RIGHT, MURPHY,
BACK TO THE
BEACH!



The Atlantic Wall

MURPHY SKIDDDED THE JEEP INTO A HAIR-RAISING TURN-ABOUT, AND WITH HIS FOOT HARD DOWN ON THE THROTTLE MADE A RECORD-BREAKING DASH FOR THE BEACH.



PRIVATE MURPHY HAD A MOTTO: "NEVER VOLUNTEER". HE WOULD HAVE STUCK TO IT, TOO, IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR A NEW KIND OF SPIRIT THE BRIGADIER HAD STIRRED UP IN HIM...

EXCUSE ME, SIR. THE BEST WAY FOR A MAN TO GET CLOSE TO THAT O.P. WOULD BE TO BELT STRAIGHT ALONG THE VILLEBRUN ROAD. I'D BE WILLIN' TO HAVE A GO IN THIS HERE RATTLE-TRAP.



OLIPHANT GAVE THE "BAD HAT" OF LOMAX'S BATTALION A LONG, KEEN LOOK. THEN, WITH HIS USUAL SENSE OF FAIR PLAY, HE PICKED UP A PIECE OF CHALK... FROM THE BEACH ITSELF.

SOLDIER, IT'S HIGH TIME YOU REALISED YOU'VE BEEN WASTED AS A PRIVATE. WITH EFFECT FROM NOW, YOU'RE — SERGEANT MURPHY!

STONE THE CROWS!



MURPHY WAS STUNNED AT HIS SUDDEN PROMOTION, THEN HE REMEMBERED — CORPORAL FERRIS!

IF I HAD ANOTHER MAN WITH ME IT WOULD DOUBLE THE CHANCES OF CLOBBERING THE JERRY O.P. CAN I DETAIL SOMEBODY TO COME WITH ME?



FERRIS HEARD AND SAW THE GLEAM IN MURPHY'S EYE. INWARDLY SEETHING WITH CHAGRIN, HE STEPPED SMARTLY UP TO THE BRIGADIER...

SIR, THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANYBODY TO BE DETAILED BY MURPHY — ER, SARN'T MURPHY. I'LL STICK MY NECK OUT, TOO!



The Atlantic Wall

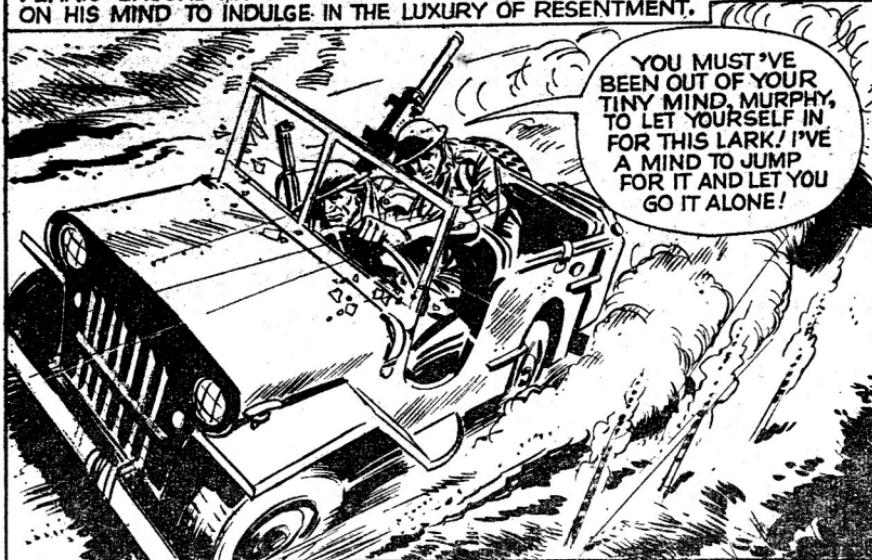
THE TWO RIVALS WASTED NO TIME IN LOADING A PIAT AND SOME AMMO ON TO THE JEEP AND THEN THEY SET OFF ON THEIR MISSION.

LET ME GET ONE THING CLEAR—SERGEANT! I AIN'T TAKIN' NO ORDERS FROM YOU AN' THAT'S CERTAIN!



FERRIS GROUND HIS TEETH TOGETHER IN RAGE. BUT SOON HE HAD TOO MUCH ON HIS MIND TO INDULGE IN THE LUXURY OF RESENTMENT.

YOU MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF YOUR TINY MIND, MURPHY, TO LET YOURSELF IN FOR THIS LARK! I'VE A MIND TO JUMP FOR IT AND LET YOU GO IT ALONE!



Chapter 3. Into the Fury

BUT FERRIS STAYED PUT AS THE JEEP HURTELD ON TOWARDS THE VILLEBRUN ROAD THROUGH CONTINUOUS AND VENOMOUS GUSTS OF METAL.



CORRECT YOUR AIM,
DUMMKOPF! YOU ARE SUPPOSED
TO BE CRACK SHOTS - YOU ARE
ACTING LIKE RAW RECRUITS!

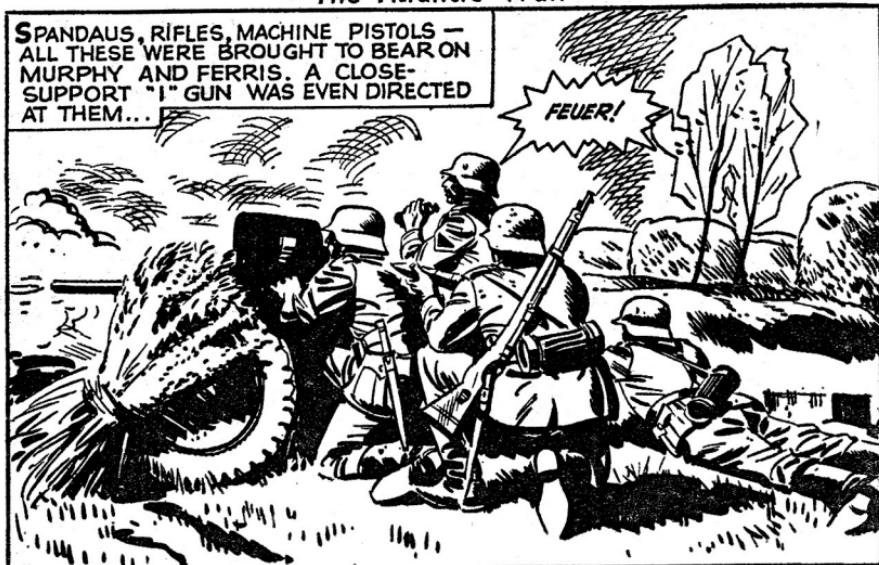
THE JEEP DIPPED INTO A SANDY GULLY AND WAS SAFE FOR THE MOMENT. BUT DIRECTLY IT REAPPEARED, IT WAS THE TARGET FOR A FUSILLADE OF NAZI LEAD...

THERE IT IS!
THESE CRAZY ENGLANDERS
MUST BE STOPPED! RAPID
FIRE!



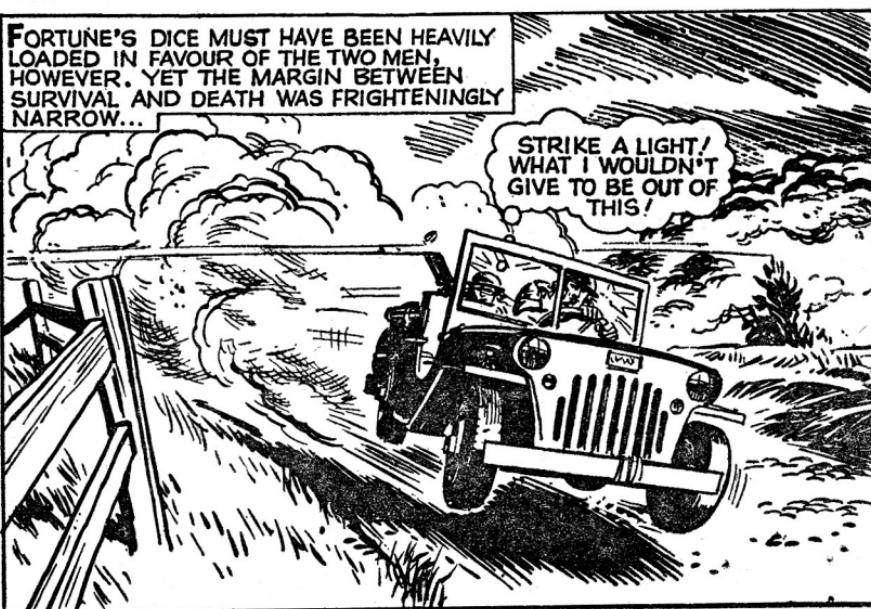
The Atlantic Wall

SPANDAUS, RIFLES, MACHINE PISTOLS — ALL THESE WERE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON MURPHY AND FERRIS. A CLOSE-SUPPORT "I" GUN WAS EVEN DIRECTED AT THEM...



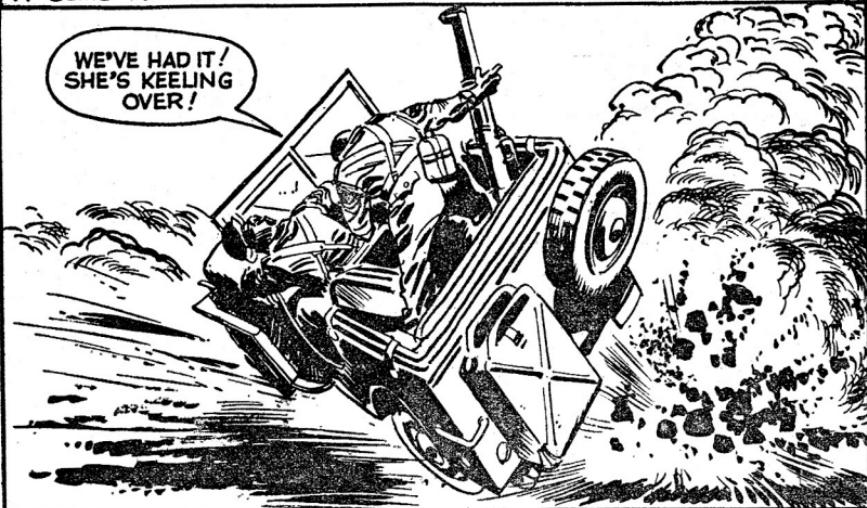
FORTUNE'S DICE MUST HAVE BEEN HEAVILY LOADED IN FAVOUR OF THE TWO MEN, HOWEVER. YET THE MARGIN BETWEEN SURVIVAL AND DEATH WAS FRIGHTENINGLY NARROW...

STRIKE A LIGHT!
WHAT I WOULDN'T
GIVE TO BE OUT OF
THIS!



THEN AWAY TO THE RIGHT, A 50-MILLIMETRE MORTAR COUGHED WICKEDLY. A BOMB ARCHED HIGH — PLUMMETED — AND BURST AT THE ROADSIDE...

WE'VE HAD IT!
SHE'S KEELING OVER!



THE BLAST WHIPPED THE JEEP OUT OF MURPHY'S CONTROL. WITH AN EAR-SHATTERING CRASH, IT KEELED OVER, SLINGING ITS OCCUPANTS OUT ON TO THE DUSTY ROAD...

AAAGH!



The Atlantic Wall

DAZED AND SHAKEN, MURPHY AND FERRIS HEARD THE CLATTER OF A SCHMEISSER AND THE BANG OF A MAUSER. BULLETS SMACKED INTO THE DIRT ALL AROUND THEM...



MURPHY LIFTED THE CUMBERSOME PIAT UP TO HIS SHOULDER AND TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE VISION SLOT OF THE ENEMY OBSERVATION POST.



BUT MURPHY'S AIM WAS TOO HASTY AND THE BOMB EXPLODED SEVERAL FEET FROM THE SLIT.

EXCUSE ME FOR
INTERRUPTING, SERGEANT,
BUT I WAS TRAINED TO
FIRE A PIAT. MAYBE
IF I ...



IT WAS OBVIOUS TO MURPHY THAT FERRIS KNEW HOW TO HANDLE THE PIAT BY THE WAY HE SEEMED TO BLEND WITH THE ODDLY SHAPED WEAPON...

ALL RIGHT, I'LL LOAD UP
FOR YOU! DO YOUR STUFF
WITH THAT STOVE-PIPE—
OR ELSE...



The Atlantic Wall

OPERATING AS A TEAM, THEY BRAVED A SQUALL OF BULLETS. THE PIAT LASHED OUT...

HERE'S HOPING,
MURPHY! HERE'S
HOPING!



THE NEXT PIAT SHOT WAS "SPOT-ON". ITS BOMB ARROWED INTO THE CONCRETE HUT THROUGH THE VISION SLIT AND DETONATED AGAINST THE REAR WALL...



AFTER THE SHATTERING EXPLOSION, A DEATHLY QUIET SETTLED OVER THE AREA.



ANY CONCERN MURPHY MIGHT HAVE HAD WOULD HAVE BEEN DISPelled IF HE COULD HAVE SEEN THE WAY JUMBO OLIPHANT WAS HANDLING HIS END...

DASHED GOOD SHOW ! ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, NOW IT'S OUR TURN ! LET'S GO !



VERY SOON, THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF 203 BRIGADE WERE CLIMBING TO THEIR FEET. FROM HIS VANTAGE-POINT, THE MONOCLED BRIGADIER SURVEYED THEM...



The Atlantic Wall

ALL AT ONCE HE STOOD UP IN FULL VIEW OF FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE. HE PAID NO HEED TO ENEMY BULLETS...

STEP OUT, LADS! WE'VE TAKEN ALL WE'RE GOING TO FROM THE PERISHIN' BOCHES! THIS IS WHERE WE HIT 'EM FOR SIX!



HIS VOICE HAD THE CARRYING-POWER OF A BUGLE — AND THE RALLYING EFFECT OF A WHOLE MILITARY-BAND. MEN SQUARED THEIR SHOULDERS AT THE VERY SIGHT AND SOUND OF HIM...

IT'S THE BRIGADIER! IT'S JUMBO OLIPHANT!



OLIPHANT DIRECTED BUDDEN TO KEEP THE WOLFHOUNDS TO THE REAR. THEN HE DOUBLED INLAND, TO RIGHT AND LEFT OF HIM THERE WAS A RESPONSIVE SURGE OF KHAKI...

BEST FOOT FORWARD!
FIRST STOP—VILLEBRUN!



THREE-INCH MORTARS PUMPED BOMBS ON TO THE NAZI TRENCH-SYSTEM, BUT THE GERMANS WERE COUNTER-PUNCHING WITH THEIR OWN BARRAGE...



THE BRIGADIER WAS UP-ENDED BY A BUFFETING SHOCK-WAVE, BUT ROSE UNHARMED, MINUS HIS GOLD-RIMMED MONOCLE...



The Atlantic Wall

THE ENEMY MORTARS FAILED TO STEM THE ATTACK. WITH THE BOCHE ARTILLERY SILENT, THE BRITISH WON THEIR WAY TO THE EDGE OF THE GERMAN DEFENSIVE AREA...

MOW THEM DOWN,
MENSCHEN! BEFORE
THEY CAN GET THROUGH
THE WIRE!



THE CONCERTINA-WIRE DEFENCES HELD UP A PLATOON ON OLIPHANT'S LEFT. THE PLATOON WAS YOUNG MARSHALL'S AND IT CAME UNDER SCOURGING FIRE ...

I'VE GOT TO
THINK FAST, ACT
FAST — LIKE THE BRIG.
SAID, IF WE DITHER
AROUND ON THIS SIDE
OF THE WIRE WE'LL
BE MASSACRED!



The Atlantic Wall

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WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR HIMSELF, MARSHALL THREW HIMSELF FORWARD,
STRAIGHT ON TO THE WIRE...

USE ME AS
A DOORMAT,
LADS. BUT DON'T
STOP TO WIPE YOUR
FEET! LAST MAN
CAN PEEL ME OFF
THIS STUFF!



The Atlantic Wall

THE MEN OF MARSHALL'S PLATOON STARTED TO BRIDGE THE OBSTRUCTION BY MEANS OF HIS PROSTRATE BODY. NOT ALL OF THEM SUCCEEDED...



NEVERTHELESS THE MAJORITY OF THEM CROSSED THE BARBED HAZARD WITHOUT A HITCH AND THE HINDMOST HELPED THE SECOND-LIEUTENANT TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF...



GRENADES RAINED INTO THE GERMAN POSITIONS IMMEDIATELY AHEAD. FOUNTAINS OF FLAME LEAPED BLINDLY. YELLS AND CURSES INTERMINGLED WITH THE CONCUSSIONS...



STAND FIRM,
KAMERADEN!
HIT BACK AT THE
ENGLANDERS!



The Atlantic Wall



THE NAZIS RESISTED STUBBORNLY, FANATICALLY, BUT THERE WAS NO WITHSTANDING THE BULLDOG VALOUR OF THE ATTACKERS. THE DEFENCE BUCKLED AT LAST - AND CRACKED!



THE ENEMY'S FRONT HAD NOT BEEN OVERRUN WITHOUT FURTHER CRUEL LOSSES, THOUGH. THE BRIGADIER'S FACE TWISTED CONVULSIVELY WITH GRIEF AS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM ...



A HOLLOW GROAN DREW HIS ATTENTION TO A YOUNG SECOND-LIEUTENANT. A SINGLE GLANCE TOLD HIM THE SUBALTERN HAD NOT LONG TO LIVE ...



The Atlantic Wall

O'LIPHANT COMFORTED MARSHALL TIL THE PLATOON COMMANDER DREW HIS LAST BREATH. AFTER THAT, HE PLODDED TOWARDS THE VILLEBRUN ROAD, WHERE TIM BUDDEN CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...

BUDDEN, THERE'S A SPECIAL QUALITY ABOUT THE MEN IN THIS BRIGADE. AN 'EXTRA SOMETHING' THAT MAKES 'EM SUPREME IN BATTLE.

FUNNY, WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT, HE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW HE'S THE ONE WHO GIVES THE BLOKES THAT 'EXTRA SOMETHING.'



PRESIDENTLY, THE BRIGADIER CAUGHT SIGHT OF A COUPLE OF FAMILIAR FIGURES.

ONE, TWO,
THREE—
HEAVE!



BIG JUMBO OUPHANT CAME UP WITH MURPHY AND FERRIS. BETWEEN THOSE TWO, THERE NOW SEEMED TO BE A COMRADESHIP WHICH HAD NOT EXISTED BEFORE...

MURPHY, FERRIS,
YOU DID A GREAT
JOB!

IT'S MURPHY
WHO DESERVES
ALL THE CREDIT,
SIR.



THE JEEP WAS LITTLE THE WORSE FOR THE TUMBLE IT HAD TAKEN, SO THE BRIGADIER CLIMBED IN BESIDE MURPHY...

SUDDENLY, YOU AND THE TWO DOGS PILE INTO THE BACK WITH-ER- SERGEANT FERRIS!



IN VILLEBRUN, ELEMENTS OF 203 BRIGADE WERE ALREADY ENGAGED IN MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS. WEHRMACHT PRISONERS FILTERED BACK UNDER ESCORT ...

THE ROT'S SETTING IN AMONG THE BOCHES, THAT'S FOR SURE. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE OUR OBJECTIVE'S FIRMLY IN OUR HANDS.





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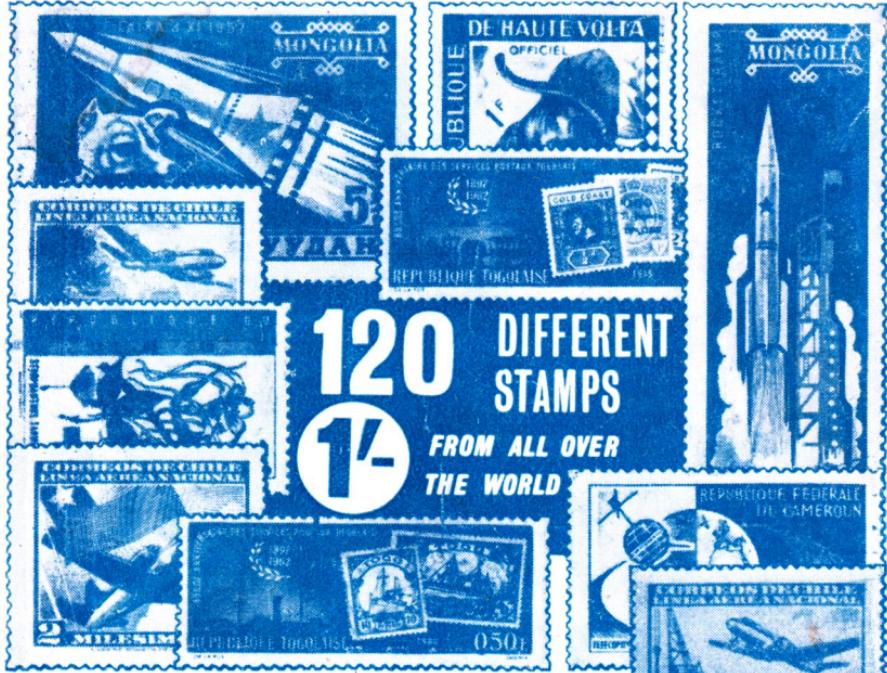
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